

## ALEXANDRIA. ANACOSTIA. HYATTSVILLE, AND ROCKVILLE

### ALEXANDRIA.

Considerable changes will have to be made in the plans for the remodeling of the armory of the Alexandria Light Infantry to bring it within the limit of expenditure which it was agreed to spend. Plans were opened last night by a building committee of the corps of engineers as follows: Julian D. Knight, architect; D. E. Bayless, \$3,745; Joseph Bayless, \$2,750; Arnold D. DeVaugh, \$3,350; James W. Deavers, \$1,550.

In police court today John Arrington and John Arnold were sentenced to jail for thirty days in connection with the theft of forty gallons of dynamite from a boat belonging to Victor Emerson.

Otto Hicks was fined \$10 in police court for stealing an overcoat from John Martin.

More than 100 members of R. E. Lee camp of Confederate Veterans and their friends were present at the annual banquet of the camp last night in observance of the birthday of Robert E. Lee. Senator J. K. Nardaman of Mississippi delivered an address on General Lee. Congressman Lloyd spoke on the work of the private soldier during the war between the States. The Rev. J. W. McCallister, commander of the camp, was toastmaster.

Accompanied by a delegation of members of Alexandria Council, No. 5, Order of Fraternal Americans, the body of Joseph W. McArthur, was shipped to Upperville today.

At a meeting of Alva Aerie, No. 571, Fraternal Order of Eagles, Wednesday night an election will be held to fill the position of worthy chaplain.

Miss Annie L. Padgett and Julian C. Smith were married Monday afternoon in Washington by the Rev. A. S. Mowbray.

Mrs. Sarah Cary, wife of Cornelius Cary, died at the Alexandria Hospital Monday night after a short illness.

### ANACOSTIA.

Logan Corps, No. 2, Women's Relief Corps, will install officers in Methodist hall January 25. Veterans who were enrolled with John A. Logan Post, No. 1, G. A. R., which has disbanded, will give a camp fire by the women of the relief organization. Mrs. Ida Peterson will be the installing officer.

The Anacostia Baptist Church and the Middle Highlands Baptist Church are without pastors but committees are negotiating with ministers.

Capt. and Mrs. Robert E. Cook, of Bellevue, have gone to Elizabeth, N. J., to visit Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cook.

Henry Linger, sr., will go to New York this week to visit Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Lutz.

Oscar C. Brothers, jr., is at his former home in West Point, Miss.

The Featherstone musicians will give an entertainment in the Congress Heights Methodist Church Friday.

Ident. David Zirkle, of No. 15 fire engine company, is improving.

The army mule is being trained to pick service among the Anacostia hills, equipped as equipped, soldiers from Washington Barracks train the animals to the work of carrying supplies.

The Minnesota Avenue Improvement Association will meet tonight in the office of Dr. U. S. Hower.

Anacostia ministers have been asked to represent their respective congregations before the Public Utilities Commission next Monday, when there will be a hearing on railway extensions in this section.

### HYATTSVILLE.

The fire department of Hyattsville with a membership of 14 men, went on duty last night, favoring the location of a high school in Hyattsville. Among the speakers were former Mayor Charles Devlin, Judge John Gibson, E. Kelly, William T. Casey, A. H. Anglin and Edward Keegan, chief of the department P. A. Souza presided.

The application of Harry A. Burey to become a member will be acted upon at the next meeting. A letter from Charles F. Leubner, who was recently moved as overseen of the Municipal building by the town council, expressing thanks for the appreciation shown by the members of the department of his services, was referred to the house committee.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Pinky Memorial Episcopal Church, is arranging a benefit entertainment upon a retentionals sale in the Masonic Temple on the evening of February 4 and 5. The attraction will be "The Old Vermont Farm."

Mr. and Mrs. Otway B. Zantinger and daughter Louise, left today for a day of several weeks at Palm Beach, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Gill and family, who have been visiting Mr. Gill's mother, Mrs. George T. Gill, have left for Norfolk, N. C., where Mr. Gill has been stationed.

The stockholders of the First National Bank of Hyattsville, who elected the following board of directors: Joseph W. Aman, George H. Lankford, Harry W. Lankford, William P. MacCruder, Harry J. Patterson, Jackson H. Hamilton, Grant W. Sexton, Harry W. Shepherd, E. Quinlan Smith, and Dr. Charles A. Wells. The directors elected Jackson H. Hamilton, president; Dr. Charles A. Wells, vice president, and Harry W. Shepherd, cashier.

"Aunt" Lucy Ross, aged about seventy-five years, well-known throughout Prince George county, was buried yesterday from the Bladensburg United Methodist Church. Mrs. Ross died in Newark, N. J., where she had been visiting relatives. She was born a slave on the Brall farm, near College Park, and was the property of Mrs. Robert Clark.

The basketball quint of the Hyattsville Athletic Club met last night at the home of the team of the Hyattsville Athletic Club, at Berkley, by 25 to 20.

### ROCKVILLE.

William P. Hedin, twenty-one, and Miss Sadie Maudie Mallory, eighteen, both of Leiston, Va., were married yesterday by the Rev. Samuel H. White.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Gaithersburg the following board of directors was elected: John B. Diamond, James Anderson, Robert E. Moore, H. Maurice Talbot, John W. Walker, Thomas I. Fulk, A. H. Meese, Nathan Cook, Samuel H. Plummer, William B. Windsor, Clarence H. Hox, William and Zedee Cooke. The directors re-elected John B. Diamond, president; James Anderson, vice president; Robert E. Moore, cashier, and Frank B. Beverance, assistant cashier.

The following are among the recent transfers of real estate recorded: Henry C. Chaney to Joseph N. Peter, 20 acres; James J. Johnson to Grover C. Beall, 20 acres; Annie E. Poole to Henry C. Chaney, 20 acres; Mary V. Holmes to John A. Hall, 20 acres; Margaret S. Dawson to Thomas Dawson, parts of several lots in Rockville.

# THE HOUR OF CONFLICT

By A. HAMILTON-GIBBS

Author of "Chadwick & Son," etc.

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## CHAPTER XLVI.

WHEN Everard opened his eyes a voice from M. Gonsard was bending over him. There was a fluttering anxiety at the doctor's elbow, and he abbe was holding two bottles of something that smelled abominably.

"La, la, la," said M. Gonsard, wagging his head. "That is better. That is better. Mon ponce, I will confess that I was a little frightened."

"There are claps here in an ecstasy of thanks," "Sainte Virge," she cried. "He is alive once more."

"You feel better now, huh?" asked M. Gonsard.

Everard disregarded the doctor and the old woman. His eyes found the abbe. "Where is she?" he asked.

"Patience, mon cher, patience!" said the abbe, "or you will not get well at all."

Everard shook his head. "Tell me where she is," he demanded.

The doctor nudged the abbe and whispered quickly. "Tell him anything, anything!"

There stood looking from one to the other a sudden rush for the doctor when all was apparently going well with the patient in deep pain. The abbe's alarm. It was a matter of personal pride with her to see Everard on his feet.

The abbe waved his hand at her and she left the room. Then he turned to the patient. "Patience is in the convent," he said.

"What do you mean—in a convent?" "My God! You didn't see her going to see a nun?"

The abbe nodded. "Yes," he said. "She has been there for a week now. His face was white with terror. Was he to lose her again?"

"She can't," he cried. "She mustn't. Fetch her out. For heaven's sake don't let her do it. You've done it. You've done it! You, you call your friend and you sneak Tolette into a convent. Let me get up. You're keeping me away from her."

"You shall see her," I promise you," Everard caught up his hand, speechless with relief and gratitude, sobbing heartily.

But though the abbe promised that he would let her see Tolette, he was big with doubt, reluctance, and questioning. His little flower had been saved from death and, in atonement, as he now saw, for her fault, had decided to devote her life to the service of God. She had come to this decision because of her love for him, and naturally enough he, being a priest, was very glad. He had always considered her too good and too pure for anybody's hands but those of his Master, and the day of her entrance into the convent in Rome, Tolette had been one of great rejoicing. He told himself that all the choirs of heaven must have rejoiced with him.

But now that she had definitely chosen her way of life, and was protected against all the temptations of the world, he was sure that this Englishman who had once swept her off her feet clamoring to regain her, would never see her again.

He took her hand on his shoulder and patted it. "There, there," he said. "You shall see her, I promise you."

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When he placed the revolver against his heart. If she had been alive, was it possible that their mutual love would not have discounted fond and sweet words? Would he not have heard her cry out to him?

Nie She must be dead, and the abbe had merely told him a sympathetic lie in order that he might get well. If that were so, then why had he come out where had he gone, what would he do when he returned without Tolette? And yet he had not looked as if he were telling a lie. The gray eyes had not his frankly and honestly. In that case, if it were true that she was not dead, why had he been made to suffer? Why had he been crushed and battered and brought to this? Ruddy had said that God was a sportsman. The abbe had said so. Where was the sportsmanship in the way he had been treated?

Everard turned and twisted irritably, and looked for the thousandth time at the clock. Would no one ever come? The sun was sinking lower and lower and long shadows started creeping across the room until at last they touched his bed with their black fingers. Everard stifled a sob and buried his head in the pillow. It was hopeless.

"I don't believe it!" he cried. "I don't believe it! Tolette is dead and dead she will stay. I have never been given a chance. If God will, I shall see her again. If God will, I shall see her again. If God will, I shall see her again."

He broke off and raised his head. There was a sound at the bottom of the garden. He whispered "Shut up!" to his heart, which began to beat so loudly that he could not hear distinctly. He held his breath. There were murmurs, a word here, then another, then the sound of feet on the gravel.

There was a shuffle outside the house then the latch of the front door clicked and the voices began again, very low, in the hall.

Everard's eyes were fastened on the door. He sat up stiff and alert. The little clock seemed suddenly to tick more loudly and the cane seat of the chair at the side of the bed rustled all at once, as if some invisible being had just risen from it. He opened his mouth to call out and tell them to come in. But he made no sound. His lips and throat were dry, and he remained staring at the door. He expected, he hoped, that he might see Tolette. All his heart and brain and soul yearned to see Tolette. Then he moved with an unquiet step to the polished boards. The noise it made was startling.

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There stood the abbe. Everard gave a terrible cry in which there was the agony of despair, the misery of the damned. From the past there came an answering cry. The abbe was pushed aside. Tolette, her hands outstretched, her eyes alight, radiant with love, was at the bedside in a flash, her arms around Everard, laughing, sobbing, crying incoherently.

"Everard! You have come back! My love, my dear—oh, Everard!"

She caught him to her and kissed his lips and eyes and face and held him tight. The sight and touch of her snatched his soul back from the depths, gave him back life and reason.

The door closed quietly. Neither of them noticed it. God had decided. The abbe had gone.

Everard's head rested on her breast, and his eyes were wet with tears. "Tolette!" he whispered. "Tolette! You have come back to me. I have found you at last."

For answer she gave a great sob and bent down and kissed him, murmuring his name. All those terrible summer months after her recovery, of waiting for him to return, of doubt and suspense, and at last of reconciling her self to the hideous truth that he had gone out of her life forever were flung to oblivion. Here he was, his dear head against her, making her tremble with joy and happiness.

How she had prayed for this moment, the great and wonderful moment when she would see him again and feel his arms around her, lifting her out of the agony of wondering and wondering whether he would come back!

Her thoughts had been of him day by day, and every night her pillow had been wet with tears. As the weeks had gone by and still he did not come, hope had faded and despair had taken its place. Born despair, Tolette, too, had plunged the depths and had cried out wildly that she might die.

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